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H Y M N S,

REPEATED WEEKLY,

BY THE

C H I L D R E N

OF THE

Trelawny

CHARITY, SUNDAY,

AND

INDUSTRY-SCHOOLS,

AT

CHISWICK, MIDDLESEX.

L O N D O N:

Sold by F. and C. RIVINGTON, at No. 62, in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1792.

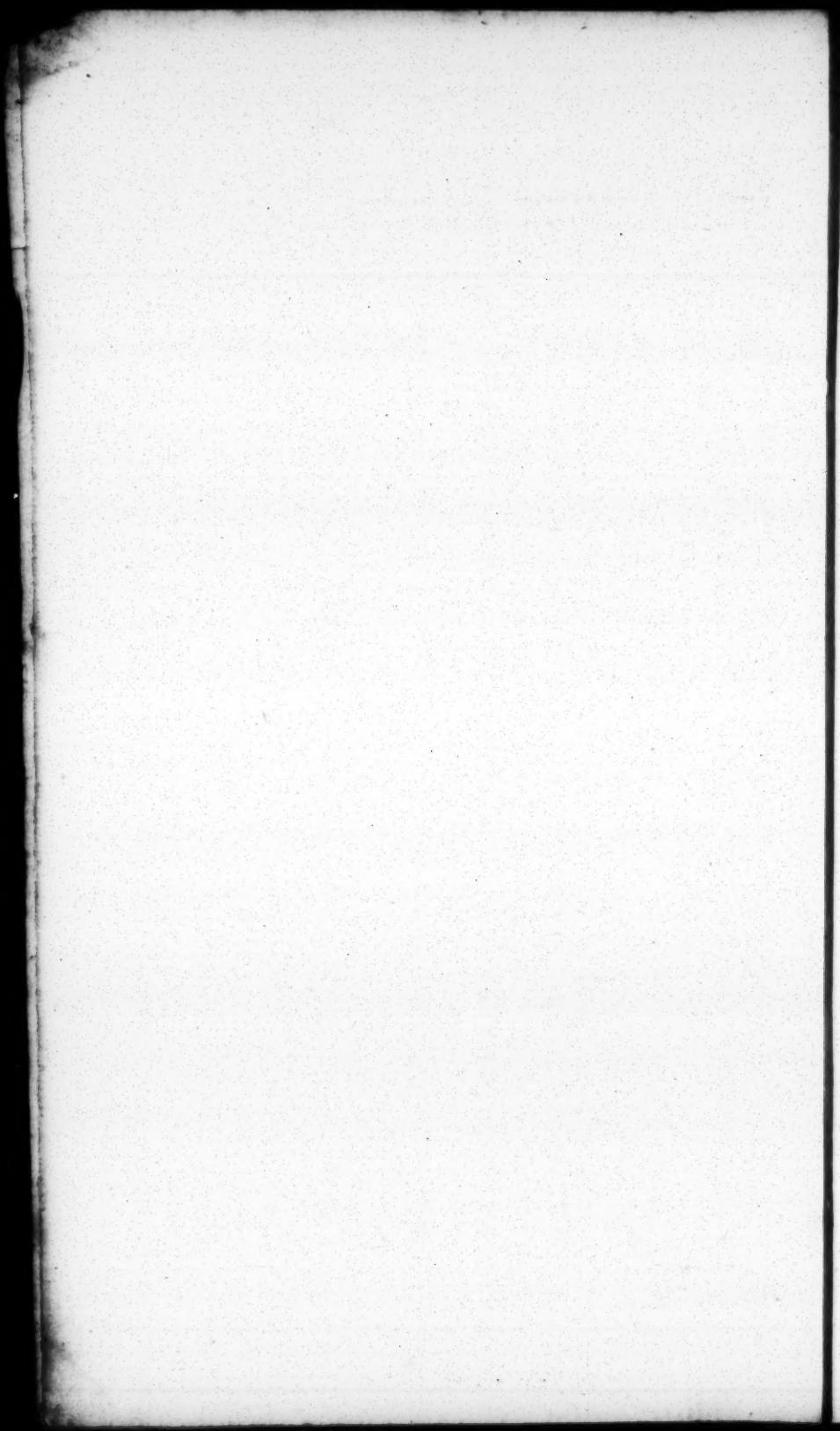


THIS second Volume of Hymns,
composed for, and repeated by, the Children
in the Charity, Sunday, and Industry Schools in the Parish of Chiswick,
is humbly addressed to the Subscribers,
as a Token of his Esteem for their Liberality, by the Author; who hopes
this Method of Instruction will be a Mark of the general Attention paid to
the Education of the Children, by the Ladies, and Gentlemen, who generously
superintend the Schools, and claim the sincerest Respect of

their Obedient
and Grateful Servant

JAMES TREBECK, VICAR.

Chiswick,
Dec. 31, 1791.



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H Y M N S.

JANUARY. 1791.

A S, latent in the womb of earth, the seeds
Shew no prolific vigor, no increase ;
But every field seems desolate and waste,
Barren by frost, as nature were decay'd ;
So, herbless, dark, congeal'd, this month appears,

Scarce promising a radiant beam, to cheer
The drooping spirit, and frost-bitten face ;
To melt the dreary snow, and icicles,
To warm the heart, chill'd with distress, and
want.

Yet, O ! desp'nd not : Providence beholds
The penury of man, and seasonably aids :
Mercy awhile its bounteous gifts suspends,
Afflicts for good, and benefits by ills,
Whose liberal kindness soon will flow again.

B

Seasons

2 H Y M N S.

Seasons may change, They vary at his word ;
His wisdom never errs, nor goodness fails.
God the Creator fram'd the world for man ;
God the Preserver rules it for our use ;
And he, who gave his Son to save our souls,
Will freely give us what our bodies need.

We live thro' God, this new year is his gift ;
Let us begin it well, and trust to him
Our real, not imaginary wants.
While Charity, that child of faith,
And kind Humanity, with tender heart,
Deal to the aged, sick, and sore distress'd,
Feeling for their infirmities, relief.

ON THE EPIPHANY.

AS break of day, or more the rising sun,
Dispels the dark and dreary shades of night,
So long, the world in thick gross darkness lay,
'Till Revelation cheer'd by living light.

Reason oft mus'd, or fancied, as in dream,
Of God, and man ; but with uncertain mind :
For all was but imaginary doubt ;
A wish to know the truth, too weak to find.

But

H Y M N S.



But now the age, predicted oft, arriv'd ;
For tho' the world thro' folly did forget,
Or falsely solv'd the mysteries of truth,
Yet God, in time, fulfill'd the holy writ.

Led by a star, the Eastern sages sought
The King of Judah : such the world of old,
A king to rule my people Israel,
Had in descriptive prophecies foretold.

The same alarm'd the Jews ; but these wise men,
Constant in faith, adore the Babe, display
Their gifts, proclaiming him the Lord of Life,
To whom the Gentile world should homage pay.

Hence universal grace and light arise ;
The beams of truth illumine the dark mind ;
The star denoted the Messiah's birth,
Who brought salvation to redeem mankind.

O ! may the Star of Righteousness dispel
The clouds of ignorance, the shades of night !
That, wheresoe'er the sun extends its course,
The distant regions may enjoy this light.

O ! may it guide our reason unto truth !
That we thro' faith a lively warmth may feel :
For what but truth is worth the search of man,
And what is wisdom but religious zeal ?

ON PEACE.

BLEST is the close of war : when rage
And hostile discord cease ;
When nations reconcil'd regain
Tranquillity, and peace.

No more the cannons roar, no more
The carnage stains the field ;
But mutual commerce, social help,
Repose and comfort yield.

Under his vine and fig-tree shade,
Each shepherd may retreat ;
Swords into shares, spears into scythes,
The warrior's arm may beat.

Honor's reward, the laurel wreath,
Entwines the victor's brow ;
More welcome far, that type of peace,
The lovely olive's bough.

By peace, our Lord an emblem gave
Of his abundant love ;
The Prince of Peace commends it here,
And sheds it from above.

His

His law prescribes the rules of love,
Union, and amity ;
One heart, one soul, and one accord,
Compose sweet harmony.

Pacific tempers soften woe,
Meek language wrath beguiles :
That house is peace where Friendship glows,
Or kind Affection smiles.

But chiefly seek that conscious peace,
Which soothes the soul to rest :
When balmy Innocence delights,
And Virtue calms the breast.

No peace to guilt ; to sin is woe :
The mind tastes no repast,
So sweet as in that righteousness,
Whose fruits for ever last.

Cares will perplex this anxious state,
With age they may increase ;
But death's the end of virtue's toil,
The gate to endless peace.

ON INDUSTRY.

YE many paupers, race of poverty,
Who seem bereft almost of every gift
That comforts human toil,
Whence this disaster, this sad scene of woe,
This sad complaint, this tattered vest, this filth,
In kind Britannia's soil ?

Is there no fault, no censure, no reproach
Due to yourselves ? no negligence, no vice,
That thus emaciates you ?
Yea, Charity itself, wishing you well,
Suspects some blame, ebbriety, or sloth,
That tarnishes this view.

Your neighbours see, alike in state or age,
In house, and family, in toil, or trade,
How decently they live :
Industrious labor, frugal care supply,
What reason covets, raiment, food, content,
And make the cottage thrive.

Behold

Behold the birds with ceaseless wings,
Collect the straw, the osier twig, or wool,
 To form the curious nest ;
To make it trim, convenient, warm, and soft,
Wherein to lay, and cherish the young brood,
 That they may safely rest.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, go ; behold
What treasures he, with industry provides,
 Against bleak winter's storm !
Know thou that laziness, or negligence
To get or save, must end in poverty,
 And famine's meagre form.

There must be poor, like Lazarus of old ;
But Charity delights to succour those,
 Where sober Patience dwells ;
Who, what they hardly earn, with prudence
 spend,
Sweetening plain diet by pure cleanliness,
 Like bees in waxen cells.

Labor brings profit : waste it not amiss ;
And diligence rewards the thrifty hand,
 That ministers to need. [birds,
The God, who clothes the fields, and feeds the
If ye do well, and keep his sacred law,
 Will clothe you, and will feed.

ON RELIGION.

RELIGION, comfort of the human breast,
On which alone its confidence can rest,

Be thou my guide, and friend :
May thy directions lead me in the way,
Prevent my steps, (lest they in error stray,)
Unto a happy end.

O ! may thy doctrines right inform my mind ;
Thy precepts keep my passions well inclin'd,
That I may close pursue
The manners, which thy wisdom does instil,
That best befit us, and thy sacred will,
Most holy, just, and true.

When this world tempts to wrong, or sin
assaults,

May grace heal up my frailties, and faults,
Preserving me from harm :
The world's seducing flattery may entice,
And gild with pleasure's name destructive
vice,
To stifle fear's alarm ;

But

But thou wilt on my soul impression make ;
To keep me firm, lest I thy laws forsake,
 Or give thy love offence ;
Or, if I slip, thou wilt uphold my feet,
And my repentance graciously meet
 With kindest recompence.

Be then my rule, instructor, and support,
To whom I may on all events resort,
 My secret heart disclose :
Thou art the Lord's best gift of health, and
 peace,
Thou canst alone from pangs of guilt release,
 And give the mind repose.

Riches, thro' thee, eternal treasures gain,
And patience quietly submits to pain,
 Confiding in God's care ;
By his perfections, we ourselves direct,
In hope, as grace and providence protect,
 Eternal gifts to share.

F E B R U A R Y.

INCREASING shades of light, and
earlier fun
Shine now, tho' rare, amidst inclement skies ;
 B 5 Dawning

Dawning the earth with hope : the shifting winds,

As if by contrary attractions mov'd,

Vary the scene ; the snow or falls, or melts ;

Winter seems loath to loose its reins, while spring

Invites the show'r's t'invigorate the roots,

And burst the chains of frost : the rainbow spreads

It's arch, and gloriously triumphant shews
God the Preserver ; by whom seasons move
Slowly, or fast, as his decrees resolve ;

Whose justice, love, and wisdom govern all.

Cheer'd by the change, the little choristers
Chirp on the budding spray, with warbling
throats ;

And amorous notes proclaim their joy, and
thanks.

The primrose, herald of advancing spring,

Blows in defiance of the blasts and snow :

The yellow crocus rears its rival bloom,

Wak'd by the sun, and closing as it sets ;

The train of nature gradually succeeds,

Presaging warmer, brighter, longer days :

Quick to the fields the farmer flies, and forms

His plan, adapts his toil, as weather suits,

And

And trusts to providence to rule the times ;
Serene in storms, and grateful in a calm,
Thinks all things right, nor murmurs at the
worst.

That infant babe thus in his cradle lies,
Whose strength, so helpless now, will soon
improve,

Each passing year, fresh nutriment supply,
'Till in maturity the man appears.

In weakness trust to God ; his will perform ;
Act well your part ; he makes all nature thrive :
The pow'r that rules the vegetable kind,
Sustains the rational, material world.

ON THE HEAVENS.

O THOU bright firmament on high,
Ethereal, azure, lucid sky,
The more we Thee behold,
Our admiration higher seems,
When we survey thy fiery beams
Emitting rays of gold.

Thou sun, by whom the pregnant earth
Kindles creation into birth,

In thy revolving course ;
No wonder heathens paid to you
An adoration, not thy due,
Amaz'd at thy great force ;

Tho' now we know thee but a light,
Issuing from the God, whose sight
Exceeds our finite thought ;
To testify his glorious name,
And his supremacy proclaim,
Who fram'd all things from nought.

Or, while in contemplation deep,
I rove thro' vale, or climb the steep,
By moon's less silver light,
The calmness of thy majesty,
As rob'd in vestal purity,
Fair beauteous queen of night,
Delights my mind ; in that sweet scene,
When, more admir'd than sun, less seen,
Thou piercest thro' a cloud ;
Or in thy glittering chariot thou dost ride,
Dispersing gloomy darkness on each side,
And stars around Thee croud.

When,

When, sparkling on the waves, with secret sway,
Thou mak'st the foaming tide thy rule obey,
 To stop, to rise, or sink ;
Or grateful traveller pursues his way,
Or Philomel enchant's with dulcet lay,
 'Tis then I muse, I think ;

I think, if these great lights so glorious shine,
Tho' these be emblems small of light divine,
 How wond'rous great their Lord,
Who spake them into being first, who still
Directs, or turns, or stops their course at will,
 By His Almighty word !

Ye clouds that shed the dew, or rain ; ye bright
And starry regions, orbs beyond our sight,
 While ye our wonder raise,
May grace refine our minds, and hearts, that we
With sense, and spirit, voice, and energy,
 The Lord of Heav'n may praise.

Ye pow'rs on high, whose influence benign
Blesseth this world below with gifts divine,
 Increase in us true love ;
With holy sentiments inflame our breast,
Our manners frame to virtue's purest test,
 As angels act above.

GENESIS i. 10.

And God called the dry Land, Earth.

THE more it views, the more the mind
admires
The glorious work, this great machine, the
earth ;
In whose reflecting glass
The things invisible are partly seen ;
The goodness, wisdom, power of the Lord,
Which far these works surpases.

God spake ; the earth was made ; 'twas very
good ;
And tho' the curse of sin some beauties spoil'd,
Yet goodness still remains :
It still supplies, with prudent care, our wants ;
Indulgent sheds its gifts, and more within
It's treasury retains.

Who sees the seasons, and sees not the good
Of each successive change ? Each adds it's share
To true utility.
The very frost, and cold, to culture tend ;
Like present ills, that bring a future good,
And cause prosperity.

So tempting, rich and pleasant is this scene ;
We rather find too fond attachment grows
Within our earthly breast ;
We taste it's sweets, and covet with excess ;
We use, and oft abuse : Love, and forget
'Tis no abode of rest.

There may be regions of superior class ;
There may be worlds of purer qualities,
Above this ambient air ;
But shall we murmur, blame at nature's lot ?
A middle space, assign'd us by that God,
Who fram'd us what we are.

Let us enjoy the blessings we partake ;
Let us be grateful to the Lord, who gave
To man, next angels, birth ;
Then shall we be content, and use this world,
Waiting, in hope, for joys sublime,
A new, and heav'ly earth.

GENESIS i. 10.

*The gathering together of the Waters called
He Seas.*

As was the earth, so is the sea,
The Lord Almighty's frame ;
It strikes astonishment on sight,
Stamps the Creator's name.

Its

It's compass vast circles the globe ;
Dividing land from land ;
It ebbs, or flows, is stormy, calm,
Yet bounded by his hand.

'Tis strange to see the pond'rous fleet
Sail thro' the mazy main ;
How pliant waves yield to the keel,
Elastic close again.

Far more, to view a boisterous storm,
When tempests rend the skies ;
When surges roll, and billows swell,
Or, high as mountains rise :

Toss'd by resistless force, the ships
Mount up, then plunge below ;
Nor sailor's courage, pilot's skill,
To save from shipwreck know.

The Lord commands, raises, directs,
Appeases, calms the seas :
Stays the proud waves, unbars the gates ;
All act as he decrees.

Commerce with mutual service rides,
By wealth triumphant crown'd,
The general good self-interest brings ;
And plenty spreads around.

Behold,

Behold, what stores the ocean hoards,
What riches it contains ;
It vies with earth to feed Mankind,
And half the world maintains.

Then praise be paid by all to God,
That universal Lord ;
And may He bless this isle with peace
At home, success abroad.

M A R C H.

VAIN hope, how quick, how easy art thou
caught,
When the fond wishes cherish a desire !
Tho' chance some forward bloom, and gleams
of sun
Reviv'd the scene, and flatter'd you with
warmth,
The blasts of March with keenest teeth may
bite,
Mock expectation, strip the branches bare,
Nor leave a wreck behind : then trust not vain
Precarious seasons ; similes too oft beguile,
Or frowns alternate darken : dry, harsh winds

Stop

Stop every pore, and parch the sapless gem.
The night shaves off the fibrous feather'd down,
The winds, and jarring elements contend ;
'Till Winter, weary of its course, dissolves
Into a flood of tears, a southern show'r ;
And spring refresh'd to bloom of beauty glows.
Thus generations pass, and hoary age
Declines, new youth succeeds : each passing day
Creates some change, some gradual advance,
And time conveys the youth around to age ;
Death circulation stops ; it's wintry cave
Detains the pris'ners : years may still roll on,
But all must wait until that awful day,
When this great transitory world shall cease,
A new, and heav'nly state of righteousness
Shall be th' abiding rest, and blissful seat
Of tried integrity, and virtuous faith ;
For judgment will assign the good to life,
To endless joy, to never-failing peace ;
Where seasons interrupt not happiness,
No clime, no malady will injure health ;
But grace perpetuate the state of bliss ;
For God's bright presence sanctifies his courts.

O N R E P E N T A N C E.

THE sense of right supports the soul with
strength ;

Even in woe sustains the load of grief :
But, when the spirit is depress'd with sin,
What remedy can ease, or give relief ?

So good, so perfect is God's holy law,
Wisdom admires, and follows it's controul ;
It seeks our peace, instructs the mind, and
guides
Our feet in paths that lead to Heav'n the
soul.

The law's the strength of sin : the mercy
shewn

Argues the guilt of sin : shame blushes, fear
Droops, reason doubts : 'tis Christian faith
alone

That moves, and sooths the penitential tear.

Reason recovers courage ; hope revives ;
The heart resolves, regretting past disgrace ;
And, with devout sincerity of mind,
Prays Heav'n to aid it's frailty with grace.

Hence

Hence legal righteousness, and holiness,
From true repentance, as a new birth, flow :
The soul's renew'd, new principles arise,
Grief turns to smiles, and joy succeeds to
woe.

The contrite tears, that wash the stain of guilt,
Refresh the tree of life ; remorse no more
Will canker peace ; but hope extend it's
view,
And faith salvation to the meek restore.

If our new manners prove our spirit new,
Pity will meditate, justice will relent :
The convert, freed by grace, will comfort feel,
Nor of this righteous change will e'er repent.

O N H U M I L I T Y.

HUMILITY is not a low,
Dejected cast of mind,
Servile to base, illiberal means,
To guile, or vice inclin'd ;

But

But 'tis a virtue well inform'd
Of human property ;
Conscious of duty to act well,
And man's infirmity.

Here providence his creatures plac'd,
The several parts to act ;
And reason humbly suits its mode,
Trying to be exact.

Nothing is wrong that God appoints ;
Who marks each man his way ;
Duty to God is wisdom's sign ;
'Tis honor to obey.

Bodies of many limbs consist,
Unlike, but all of use ;
Life, maim'd of either, feels the loss ;
Sloth admits no excuse.

It matters not of what degree
Our station here is giv'n ;
The high, and low, the rich, and poor,
Are equal heirs of Heav'n.

Nothing but vice defiles our state ;
No outward work the heart :
He, who fulfils his office well,
Performs the decent part.

No toil is shame, no lot reproach ;
 Each station has its task ;
 Let all, what duty bids, perform ;
 In need, and trouble, ask.

Be then the nobles kind, and mild ;
 The servants yield to sway ;
 Of merit void, we nothing claim,
 For what we want should pray.

Pride is not made for sinful man,
 Nor suits his dust and clay :
 Sin humbles all, but virtue's light
 Opens eternal day.

T O S H A M E.

WHENCE is that bashful downcast look ?
 That timid countenance, and mien ?
 That blush which crimsons o'er the cheek ?
 That form in strange confusion seen ?
 Is it a sign of modesty,
 Of virtue chaste, or humble mind ?
 Of poverty or lowliness,
 Which shuns the world it finds unkind ?

Is

Is it a sense of frailty,
Which casts that gloom and grief forlorn ?
Or, is it guilt, that fears revenge,
And the keen edge of censure's scorn ?

Whate'er the cause, do not despise ;
Tho' fortune frowns, and cares perplex ;
No grace adorns with lovelier charms,
Than decent courage, either sex.

Still persevere, if good thy aim ;
God only knows what's right ;
The providence, that tries your faith,
Your patience will requite.

Faint not : all gifts and times are his ;
Resist th' impending blow ;
Let prudence guard, when danger threats,
Let virtue quell the foe.

Folly repines, but reason's still ;
Speaks little, thinks, acts well ;
'Tis madness rushes into death,
And plunges into hell.

But art thou press'd by conscious guilt,
By fear, or threats of God ?
Does sin weigh down, or dread alarm,
To tremble at his rod ?

Arise, put on the shield, return
To God, repent, believe ;
His mercy's great, his pity melts,
His arms your tears receive.

The contrite heart indulgence finds ;
The Spirit pardon seals ;
Christ has redeem'd, the Father loves ;
Repentance comfort feels.

A P R I L.

TUNE your lay to livelier notes,
As the warblers swell their throats ;
Luxuriant beauties of the spring
April showers kindly bring.
Alternate gifts of sun and rain,
Recreate the verdant plain ;
And penetrating to the root,
Make each tender fibre shoot.
Creation daily seems to glide,
Growing into beauty's pride :
The hills, the vales, the woods dispense
Charms of sweetness to each sense ;

The

The gale, soft wasting Southern breeze,
Clothes in green the fields, and trees ;
The beams of smiling sun invite ;
Lavish nature tempts the sight,
Among the sylvan shades to rove,
To visit yonder bow'r or grove :
But do not far to distance roam,
Youth is safest nearest home.

With caution trust ensnaring smiles ;
Tempting brilliancy beguiles :
Rather suspect the watery gleam,
Whence oft flows a rapid stream :
For storms succeed the sunny glade,
Thunder frights the village maid.

Shun temptations, pleasure fly,
Fickle as yon dappled sky,
Youth is lighter than a feather,
Changeable as April weather ;
Seldom knowing its own mind,
Blown about by every wind ;
Would you form a happy man,
Fix it early as you can.

ON AN OATH.

WHAT is an oath ? A grave appeal to God ;
A solemn invocation on his name ;
As we revere his grace, and fear his wrath,
To witness, what we now profess, is truth.
How serious an act ! how well the mind
Should weigh each thought, how slow the
tongue should speak !

Stern justice could invent no bond more strict ;
No form more awful for fidelity.
How black the crime of perjury ! No name,
No reputation, property, or peace
Is safe, insulted by a villain's tongue :
But, like a blighted flow'r, or poison'd health,
Fair virtue droops, and withering, pines away.
Well may the wrath of law expose to shame,
And brand with infamy so false a wretch ;
While arrows sharp, and burning coals, the
stings
Of conscience, pierce, and agonize his heart ;
Whose penitential tears alone abate
The future terror of so base a crime.

Keep

Keep me, O Lord, from such false-swearers
tongues,

But chiefly guard me from that guilt itself.
May truth, and honor, stand like centinels
To guard my lips, as holy temple doors ;
That no false word, no harsh malevolence
May pass, unheeded, from a heart profane,
From lust, or hatred, or intemp'rate rage ;
But may that fountain, a pure, pious will,
Stream forth in rills of truth, season'd with
love :

Yea, may I thy omniscience ne'er forget,
And under that inspection upright walk,
Conscious that all my Words, and thoughts
are known,

And all my secrets seen by thee, O Lord ;
For I at thy tribunal must appear,
And, if my Words condemn me, I must die.

ON CHRIST'S PASSION.

TREMENDOUS, awful, sacred, day,
With horror we reflect, how death,
That executioner of wrath,
By our grand adversary sent,
Brandish'd his spear ; while sin condemn'd

Mankind, outcasts of Heav'n, to dread
The pangs of Hell, wages of guilt.
Was there no sacrifice t' atone ?
No intercessor, advocate ?
No mediator to intreat ?
To plead their cause, or pardon crave ?
Or pay th' insolvent's debt ? No man.
Christ look'd awhile : the whole world could
No price for a redemption pay.
Lo ! I will come, said Christ, my arm
Is strong to save the weak, to free
The captives, ransom them from sin,
Redeem from bondage, raise to life.
He came incarnate, bore our sins ;
As Mediator he renew'd
The gift of peace, the hope of life.
He was, as prophets said, a Lamb,
An Offering, a Sacrifice ;
He died to justify : but who
Betray'd, condemn'd him ? Who ? The Jews,
God's chosen people, witnesses
Of mercies, miracles, and signs,
The marks of his divinity.
When he gave up the ghost, the earth,
Convuls'd from it's foundation, shook ;

The

The sun, as if eclips'd, retir'd ;
The temple rent, graves op'd their jaws,
Man only stood insensible.

O ye, whose faith is firm, by no
False error led from paths of truth,
Observe the curse of sin ; the need
Of his atoning, righteous blood.

Ye Christians, who confess him Lord,
Let neither lip revile, or heart
Reject, or work deny his name :
But with contrition mortify
Your carnal lusts, nor crucify
The Christ again by wickedness.
Thus on his cross shall sin expire,
And your Lord's DEATH be LIFE to you.

ON EASTER DAY.

JOY exulting sound forth praises,
On my lips harmonious float ;
Give me numbers most extatic,
Sweet as thrill'd from Miriam's throat.

Awake my soul, inspire my tongue,
Breathe a strain of thanks, and praise ;
All expressive pow'rs uniting
Fill my mind, my spirit raise.

Ye angels, who his birth proclaim'd,
Announce Christ's glorious victory ;
The plan compleat, salvation wrought,
Life, and immortality.

See the Lord of Life arising,
Vain did human art oppose ;
From his tomb, victorious, Christ,
Death, and sin, to vanquish, rose.

These our foes must yield to conquest ;
Drop their arbitrary sway ;
To an endless state of glory,
Christ triumphant leads the way.

Faith, by such evidence confirm'd,
Doubt surmounts ; and cries, my Lord,
My God, Redeemer, Saviour, Judge,
Thou art life's eternal Word.

What though death awhile may harass,
Or sin vex our mortal frame ;
Christ will quicken, and renew us,
If we trust his holy name.

Thro'

Thro' hope in Christ we'll rest in peace;
Humbly waiting that great day ;
When grace shall rouse, and purify
Unto heav'nly forms our clay.

Tho' the mortal body withers,
It, like spirit, shall revive :
Our faith attaches us to Christ,
As dead to sin, to God alive.

O N M A Y.

FLORA, fictious Queen of Spring,
Next invites the muse to sing :
Solomon, in glory dreft,
Could not boast so rich a vest.

Not Arabia's rich perfumes,
Or Sabea's spicy gums,
Nor could Eden's garden show,
Richer beds, or sweeter blow.

Such creation's fruitful birth,
That the womb of pregnant earth
Countless progeny doth bear,
Charms the sight, and scents the air.

Fields bedeck'd with blossom'd bean,
Quickset hedge in fragrance seen,
Rival garden's gay parterre :
Nature's sweets with art's compare.

Milk-maids blithe, the footy throng,
Sprightly dance ; with cheerful song ;
Mimick dress ; with garlands gay,
Welcome in the month of May :

Zephyrs waft each rising sweet,
Cool the soil, and fan the heat :
Flowers, plants, and herbs display,
Choicest treasures, pride of May.

Florist, view this rich attire ;
That enamell'd lawn admire :
Shade choice plants from heat of day,
Lest, if scorch'd, they soon decay.

Hence infer this moral truth ;
Would you rear a worthy youth,
With each virtue grace his mind,
Train his soul to truth inclin'd :

Teach in goodness to excel,
Earnest zeal of doing well.
When this fading world is past,
Moral truth alive will last.

ON PRAISE.

TH' Almighty to praise, my heart is inclin'd,
But cannot attempt the great theme ;
Unequal my thoughts, my language too weak,
My notion's as vague as a dream.

That praise is his due, the world must confess ;
Whose bounty they daily do seek :
A debt I would pay, but poverty shrinks,
And bashfulness trembles to speak.

Humility may presume to address
The greatness we all should revere ;
With lowly submission bow down to God,
Fit object of Love, Hope, and Fear.

When gratitude prompts, 'tis duty to own
The gifts he confers on our race ;
Then why should I fear t' explain what I feel ?
For silence would be a disgrace.

Then laud him with soul, with spirit, and
might,
The heart is the fountain of praise ;
He knows a good will, that tribute esteems,
The meek, and the humble will raise.

The heart, if sincere, is the spring to the tongue ;

It's sentiments best to expound :
Expression may fail ; He searches, and hears
The will that is honest and sound.

In public, or private, at even, or morn,
In health, wealth, in want, or in pain,
To God I will pray, his mercies proclaim,
While reason, or speech I retain.

Not only with lips, in life I will shew
My gratitude, duty, and love ;
Good manners do best my obedience tell ;
May truth my fidelity prove.

True faith, like a seal, it's impression makes,
A token of honour, and awe ;
We glorify God by holiness most,
Best praise him by keeping his law.

T O H O P E.

LIVELY, cheerful, flattering cherub,
With dimpled cheeks, and sprightly eye,
Bestow a smile on me ;

Full

Full of pleasant expectation,
Viewing fortune's fairest side,
 You win my heart to thee.

Lovely mate, no care corrodes thee ;
Deriding melancholy's spleen,
 It's sad dejected eye.

Trouble but awakes your spirit ;
Peril kindles, virtue rises,
 Beholding sorrow nigh.

But if, worn by disappointment,
I repine at sore affliction,
 And frown with knitted brow ;
When my spirits fail, and languish,
And black melancholy murmurs,
 Disconsolate, and low,

When dread doubles ills, and dangers,
By fancy imaging the stings
 Of woe, or poverty ;
Or, my patience, quite exhausted,
Sinks down with sentimental care,
 Friendship's anxiety ;

Bear me up, assuage my terror ;
Give me courage, perseverance ;
 Better ideas raise ;

Dispel the cloud, serene the sky,
Inspire my mind with active zeal,
Presaging happier days.

Yet build no castle in the air ;
Nor sooth with visionary dreams,
Or fiction's void pretence ;
Let reason counsel, truth advise ;
Friendship cherish seeds of comfort,
On principles of sense.

But, chiefly raise my trust to heav'n ;
And bid me there expect repose ;
Where I my anchor place :
Faith points it's compafs thither ; Hope,
Thro' life, to that blest haven steers,
That final port of grace.

In vain philosophy prescribes,
Reason reminds the wretch forlorn,
Death is the bed of care ;
'Tis Christian faith substantiates hope,
Bids us rely on Heav'n'y bliss,
If we for it prepare.

T O D E S P A I R .

WHY art thou so cast down my soul,
To sullen grief a prey ?
Though it may sting, and pierce, it's wounds
Need not the soul dismay.

Man's born to trouble ; through his veins
Sin's morbid poison flows ;
Whate'er his station, nature stands
Expos'd to sundry woes.

Such is his fate : which none can shun,
But all should learn to bear ;
Reason, that sees his travel fore,
Should keep him from despair.

What, if your labour profit not,
If anguish, sickness, pain
Reduce your strength, disturb your peace,
Making your wishes vain ;

Religion may support your heart,
And strength, or ease supply :
Affliction tries our faith ; that smiles
In hope, e'en while we sigh.

Thus

Thus Lazarus did suffer sore,
The dogs his only friend ;
But Abraham's son did in firm faith
His soul to God commend.

Job sat, and wept, but would not curse ;
He felt his griefs increase ;
God try'd, and found him just ; God gave
Him plenty, age, and peace.

Then let not courage be dismay'd,
Our lots here various are ;
But heav'n's a bank will fully pay
The treasures laid up there.

God is as great, as merciful ;
Pity adorns his throne ;
His kind compassion he denies
To stubborn guilt alone.

ON THE ROGATION DAYS*.

P R A Y ' R is the soul's ascent to Heav'n,
It's nigh address to God ;
It owns the Lord's supremacy,
Or deprecates his rod.

This is man's privilege : It wafts,
Beyond this earthly sphere,
Spiritual thoughts, devout requests,
To reach God's holy ear.

Our Lord has bid us use his name,
Nor shall we pray in vain :
The Father loveth us ; nor will
Our modest wish disdain.

If guilt alarms, his pardon ask,
With penitential prayer :
If want afflicts, with patience seek
His providential care.

His grace, to rear us safe from sin,
He readily bestows ;
He hears the suppliant's voice, and, what
Is best for mortals, knows.

* Three days before Ascension Day were called Rogation, that is, Praying-Days, from the extraordinary use, and exercise of prayers; for a spirit of holiness to raise and purify the heart against the commemoration of Christ's Ascension, and to bless the season with plenty.

His bounty he withholds awhile,
That we may think, from whence
Our comforts flow : whose liberal hands
The daily gifts dispense.

Vain is man's labor, if the Lord
Frustrates his weak design :
He blasts our hopes, he gives success ;
To him we must resign.

Ask then in faith, with holy will,
Not to consume on lust ;
They only, who devoutly pray,
Can on God's goodness trust.

ON CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

HOW can the mind conceive, or lips express,
What joy, surprise, devotion, confidence
Fill'd the Apostles, when they saw the Christ
Parted from earth, in clouded majesty
Ascend, beyond the skies, to heav'n's high
throne ?

He lifted up his hands, and blessed them :
Then by his pow'r, that vanquish'd sin and
death

He

He rose triumphant : His divinity
Convey'd to realms of light his human frame,
First fruit, and pledge of man's inheritance.

Father of all, Great God, Supreme,
Thou didst thy well-beloved Son
Receive ; and honor him, whose deeds
Had most consummate glory won.

Still interceding for his church,
At thy right hand, with equal claim,
He sits enthron'd, while Angels hymn
Incessant glory to his name.

Ye Prophets, who in ages past,
Foretold the great Redeemer's days,
Ye martyrs firm, who spilt your blood,
To testify your Saviour's praise ;

Holy Apostles, ye who gaz'd
With rapturous wonder at the sight,
Waiting, with pray'r, till he endued
Your souls with faith, your words with might ;

Ye all in time, shall gifts receive ;
Caught up in clouds shall meet in air
The Lord, who now is gone before,
Celestial mansions to prepare.

Laud

Laud him all lands, ye holy church,
Adopted members of Christ's head ;
The Lord of Life in Heav'n doth reign,
Whose grace will raise, to bless the dead.

Then let your hearts ascend to him,
Pray'r in his courts as incense rise,
For Christ will crown your faith with bliss,
If now ye seek his heav'nly prize.

ON WHITSUNDAY.

REPLETE with faith, devout in pray'r,
The twelve with many brethren sat :
Waiting the promise of their Lord,
Whose truth their confidence begat.

When, while on high, their hearts ascend,
Like rushing storm of wind, a sound
Tremendous, awful, mighty, grand,
Shook, and fill'd all the house around.

Then cloven tongues, like flames of fire,
Descending on each person, shone ;
An emblem of that wond'rous gift,
Freedom of languages unknown.

With

With awe they heard, with ease they spake ;
Nations, astonish'd at the sign,
Hearing such utterance of speech,
Confess'd a God, and pow'r divine.

By these late weak, illiterate men,
The Gospel spread o'er foreign scenes ;
The Holy Spirit was their guide,
He the prime cause, and they the means.

From hence, the spring, pure channels glide,
Refreshing distant lands with grace :
Hence knowledge, faith, and virtue flow ;
Our hope, and comfort hence we trace.

No more this land in darkness dwells ;
Religion early reason greets ;
Redemption plans our future bliss ;
The Holy Ghost our hope compleats.

O may his light direct our minds,
His wisdom dive into our hearts ;
That we may bear, and reap his fruits,
And cherish what his love imparts.

Though feeble nature may alarm,
This comforter will be our friend ;
Remind of CHRIST, renew our souls,
Abiding in us to the end.

T O M E M O R Y.

O MEMORY, offspring of that soul,
Whose sense distinguishes mankind
By reason's light and force,
Imprint on me good principles ;
Reflection, knowledge, truth, impart,
To regulate my course.

Though apt to learn, we soon forget
The rules discretion taught,
Or prudent wisdom plann'd :
As monitor you oft reprove,
Awake the drone, the thoughtless rouse,
By your memorial wand.

Thro' thee, the past events recur ;
We recollect the happy days
Of youth, and innocence ;
When simple, sprightly pleasures cheer'd,
As in the spring gay flowers bloom,
Whose sweetnes charm each sense.

E're guile dissembled, passions fwell'd,
Or subtle vice temptations strew'd
To stain desire with sin ;

But

But virtue, friendship, social love,
Improv'd each day with converse mild,
And probity within.

Within our infant breasts you grew,
By science slowly, strictly train'd
In art's, and duty's way ;
What wisdom tutor'd, you retain'd ;
Gathering, and hoarding in the mind,
New treasures every day.

Strengthen'd by thee, we now collect
The rules of life, of virtue, truth,
And God's especial will :
By thy experience warn'd, we shun
The rocks of sin, our manners form,
We grow in grace, and skill.

O ! may our thoughts, our words, and deeds
Be chaste, sincere, upright, and just ;
So shall they blefs the mind :
Sin only stings with sad remorse ;
Remembrance smiles, when conscience proves
The heart is well inclin'd.

J U N E.

SUCCESSIVE months, with rising warmth,
Mature the fields, and ripening bleſſ
The farmer's toil, and vigilance,
With plenty, gladneſſ, and ſucceſſ.

The meadows bow their heavy head ;
And languiſhing, their tresses drop ;
Courting the mower's keenest ſcythe
To eafe it of it's wieldy crop.

He, early riſing with the light,
Leveſ in fwaths the with'ring blade,
Kiffing the mother earth, that late
Flouriſh'd ſo green, beside yon shade.

The lads, and laſſes, to and fro,
Expose it to the ſcorching ray ;
The fun and wind exhale it's sap,
And change the graſs to nut-brown hay.

The cocks, like tents, cover the field ;
Like ants they swarm, to load or rake ;
The fwelling ſtack extends it's bulk,
A treasure stor'd for winter's fake.

Be brisk, my lads, defy the heat;
Lest rain prevent your good design;
Press on, and mark this rule through life,
To make hay, while the sun does shine.

All flesh is grass: the tender child
Passes thro' youth to man's estate;
But, soon as ripe, life with'ring fades,
And time dissolves his frail fate:

The flowers wither, grass does fade,
But truth has fix'd this firm decree;
The body dies, the soul shall live;
The good shall life eternal see.

ON JULY.

ALL nature seems to bloom in prime;
The season boasts it's richest dress;
The toil of Autumn, care of Spring,
The Summer's luxuries confess.

The rural beauties now excel;
They all delight with various charms;
Th' impendent solstice darts it's rays,
And all creation's bosom warms.

The new-shorn fields, the plants, and flow'rs,
Perhaps with thirsty lips complain,
Sighing for moist, and milder sky
To cheer them with refreshing rain;

Not like that black, tremendous storm,
Whose clouds sulphureous dark the day ;
Whose bursting torrent deluges
The standing corn, or sever'd hay ;

Or, when white, flashing lightening's spear
Fires barn, or rick, or splits the oak ;
Whose rage spreads wide from thatch to
thatch,

*Till all is ruin, ashes, smoke.

But as those gentle pearly drops
That fertilize the cherish'd ground ;
While soft mild breezes fan with gales,
And pleasure reigns by plenty crown'd.

Yet, while the heart esteems the gifts,
That providence so kind supplies,
Let not our faith in God distrust,
Who rules sole monarch of the skies.

What, tho' his thunder rolls, He rides
 On the swift clouds, the storm directs ;
 Tho' the earth shake, our rock stands firm,
 In trouble saves, in fear protects.

Then why that horror, lovely nymph ? The voice
 That roars with thunder, gently speaks to thee.
 " Fear not, believe in me : Thou canst not hide
 Thyself, or fly my present majesty.

At all times thou art mine ; I am thy Lord ;
 Then trust thyself to me, I'll give thee rest ;
 My eye shall watch thee, and my hand defend,
 Or life, or death, my saving gift is best."

SENTENCES FROM THE CXIXTH PSALM.

P A R T I.

BLESSED are they, whose way is pure and
 chaste,

Who walk uprightly in God's holy law :
 Who, undefil'd by sin, refrain the heart,
 And live in holiness, and filial awe.

This thou hast charg'd ; that we should try to
 keep

Thy word so strict, thy statutes so direct,
 That to each precept we should fully pay
 Impartial, humble, uniform respect.

D

While

While I obey thy will, I fear no ill ;
But peace, and thanks, glide smoothly on my
heart ;
For providential justice never fails,
Nor will its care from righteousness depart.

II.

How shall the young man 'midst temptations
stand ?

How cleanse, and rectify his way, O Lord ?
By ruling well his conduct by that line,
The gracious doctrine of thy heav'nly word.

With my whole heart I sought thy sacred law,
That I might not thy majesty offend :
O keep me safe from wrong, from snares of
vice,
Under thy wings my frailty defend.

Thy word, like treasures in my heart I've hid,
That thro' such counsel I might not transgress ;
O blessed Lord, enlighten more my mind,
And teach me to act well, as I profess.

My lips declare the judgments of thy mouth,
And beyond riches they are my delight.
Thy precepts I respect, muse on thy deeds,
And may thy law be ever in my sight.

III. Deal

III.

Deal to thy servant, Lord, thy bounteous light,
That, keeping thy commandments, I may live :
Open mine eyes thy wond'rous works to see ;
And to me, tho' a stranger, knowledge give.

My soul bursts forth, and longeth for thy
health ;

But trembles for the proud, and lawless wight ;
Thy testimonies are my counsellors,
Thy law my study, duty my delight.

IV.

My soul, too prone to sin, cleaves to its earth ;
Quicken me, Lord, and rouse me from the dust ;
Give me that wisdom which declares thy Works ;
That faith, which in thy goodness puts it's trust.

When my soul melts, and droops for heaviness,
Strengthen, and heal my weak infirmity ;
Make me abhor a lie, adhere to truth,
And hold thy law with strict fidelity.

Keep me from shame, (for guilt abashes most,)
Close may I stick to truth with all my force,
That free from sin, my heart enlarg'd may run,
Straight on in wisdom's path, and virtue's course.

V.

Teach me thy way, and I'll pursue the track ;
Give me that sense, which to the end persists ;
Give me the whole sincerity of heart,
The zeal which av'rice shuns, vain pride resists.

Turn me from vanities, avert reproach,
Establish thy servant, who thy anger fears ;
Right are thy judgments, thy decrees are sure,
The mind enjoys to keep what it reveres.

VI.

Shed thy salvation, and thy mercies, Lord,
So shall I answer blasphemous reproach ;
I trust thy aid, to liberty restor'd,
While I resist it, sin shall not incroach.

Bold before kings, with open voice, and heart,
I will proclaim thy law, publish thy name ;
In thee will glory, boast thy wond'rous deeds ;
The brave will speak, fools shrink thro' fear
or shame.

VII.

Remember, Lord, thy word : thou art my trust ;
The proud derided, but I did not swerve.
I thought, and from thy law would not decline ;
With faith I follow thee, with valour serve.

The

The fate of the profane, apostate wretch,
I dread with horror: in my pilgrimage
Thy Statutes were my songs, that cheer'd my
I ever will maintain my heritage. [heart;

VIII.

Thou art my portion, Lord, and I thy pledge;
I vow my Faith, thy favour I entreat;
I view'd my conduct, thought on all my ways,
And to thy path I turn'd my roving feet.

The wicked lead astray, and seek a prey,
But I thy covenant do not forget;
I shun the wicked, and I seek the just,
In whom the fear of God, and friendship meet.

IX.

Thou hast dealt well, O Lord; whose will and
Are uniformly good; I thee obey. [deeds
Before I was afflicted, I went wrong,
But now repent, reform, nor more will stray.

Let others covet gold, or silver mines;
The law refines, and purifies the mind;
They oft corrupt, this regulates the heart;
They tempt to evil, this reforms mankind.

X.

Thy hands have made, and fashioned my frame;
Then grant, what is far better, a good mind:

People, who fear thee, will rejoice to see,
 That they, who trust in thee, will favor find.
 Right are thy judgments: love will oft afflict;
 Yet let thy kind compassion ease my woe;
 Let tender mercy spare, and save my life,
 From which clear fountain streams of comfort
 flow.

XI.

My soul for thy salvation languisheth;
 Sight fails, I fainting cry: no comfort nigh:
 Yet, tho' my skin be tarnish'd, as with smoke,
 My bones, thro' care, seem wither'd, wan, and
 [dry,
 Yet I remember, and confide in thee:
 Thou wilt not let me fall by base deceit;
 The wicked wait to catch me, but thou wilt
 Not let the pits, they dig, ensnare my feet.

XII.

O ! how I love thy law ! by night and day
 I muse, and meditate upon it's rules;
 If to act well be wisdom, it instructs
 More than philosophers, or ancient schools.
 Not age, but manners signalize the wise;
 They idly teach, who do not practise well:
 My foes may stronger be; but if I keep
 The Lord's commands, He will my foes repel.

Vain

Vain is all science, which corrects not ill ;
Feeble the law which reacheth not the heart ;
With caution I refrain my feet from sin,
That from thy statutes I may not depart.

Sweet as the honey that the curious bee
Basking on flow'rs luxuriously sips ;
So sweet, yea sweeter to my taste, the grace,
That, as I read, drops balmy on my lips.

XIII.

A lamp by night the weary wand'rer cheers ;
And points the path of safety to his feet ;
So shines thy word, whose radiant beam directs,
The roving mind, and frees it from deceit.

I've vow'd a vow to God, to keep his law ;
Which I, as far as able, will not break ;
But fear my weakness; Lord accept my pray'r,
'Tis the sole offering I presume to make.

My soul, as if in hand, is apt to fall :
The sinner's net ensnares to cast me down ;
But while my heritage depends on thee,
My heart will joy, success my labours crown.

XIV.

I hate ambition's thoughts, vain folly's pride;
But freely to thy law with love adhere:
Thou art my shield, protecting me from harm,
Thou art my hiding-place, to screen my fear.

Depart ye wicked: I will keep the law;
That will uphold me safe in time of need:
Guilt may abash with shame; but hope erect
Raises it's eyes, to virtue gives good heed.

Parted like dross from pure metallic ore,
The fools in vain their tinsell'd falsehoods frame:
For thou refinest the sincere, and good,
But treadest to the dust the scoffer's fame.

XV.

If I in paths of upright justice tread,
Lord leave me not to proud oppressor's rage:
Be thou my surety, rescue me from wrongs,
And with thy mercy my distress assuage.

With base derision fools thy precepts spurn,
That justice scarce from veng'ance can withhold;
But I abjure their crimes; and more esteem
The treasure of thy law, than precious gold.

XVI. So

XVI.

So wond'rous great, and wide thy word extends,
With joy I listen to th' instructive voice ;
That, like the orient sun, beams forth its light,
Making the dark, and simple world rejoice.

My heart did pant, my mouth with eager wish,
And breathless thirst, long'd much to learn the
way,

Which wisdom from it's throne of glory taught,
That I might hear it's statutes, and obey.

Order my steps, look on me with good will,
As thou art kindly wont to show, to those
Who love thy name ; so shall no sin prevail,
No wrongful dealings hinder my repose.

When I remark the lawless lives of men,
I sadly sigh ; my eyes gush out with tears :
But favor smiles on those who keep thy law,
And may thy countenance dispel my fears.

XVIII.

Righteous art thou, thy judgments true, thy
Word

The perfect copy of thy attributes ;
My zeal could but abhor the sinner's blast,
For, as I knew the root, I lov'd the fruits.

Tho' low by birth, of reputation small,
 Yet was I always train'd in godly fear;
 Tho' troubles vex, and heaviness oppresses,
 Yet still my heart resolves to persevere.

XIX.

With my whole heart I call; Lord hear my
 cry;

Hear me, and help, thy statutes I will keep.
 Early at morn I cry, at noon I pray,
 My mind intent on thee prevents my sleep.

Malice, and envy lurk to persecute;
 But be thou nigh to me; thou art my trust;
 Far from thy law is such inveterate hate,
 And long experience proves thy succour just.

XX.

O Lord, consider mine adversity;
 Hear, and deliver me; avenge my cause;
 Health is a gift that sinners cannot claim,
 But mercy watches those that keep thy laws.

Fools mock at faith, which grieves my very
 heart;

I mourn they so transgress the law I love.
 Quicken my spirit; may I still retain
 The sense, that justice ever rules above.

XXI.

Princes, without a provocation, rage;
 With terms of hatred persecute my life:
 In spoils they triumph, I delight in thee;
 I in thy word rejoice, as they in strife.

Truth is my anchor: I abhor a lie;
 But love thy word, whose peace consoles my
 mind:

They, who regard it's rules, ne'er take offence;
 And they, who keep them, real comfort find.

Sev'n times a day to thee I raise my heart,
 And sing thy praise, as I thy judgments see:
 This fills my mind with hope, directs my steps,
 And bids me look for saving health from thee.

XXII.

Hear, Lord, my supplication, and complaint;
 And rescue me according to thy word.
 The more thy doctrine opens to my mind,
 The more my lips with gratitude accord.

So just are all thy ways, my tongue will sing
 Thy praise, and in th' harmonious theme rejoice:
 Let thy hand help me, be thou my defence,
 And choose thou me, whose statutes are my
 choice.

Like a lost sheep, alas ! I went astray,
But now return to fold, to end my days.
O may I live; and while my life remains,
May it's chief office be, to sing thy praise.

O N A U G U S T.

A I L things come to an end ; ripen to fall ;
Behold the fields laden with laughing corn :
They seem to shout for joy ; the hills are
crown'd
With goodness, fatness does the vales adorn.
'Tis thus, O Lord, thou dost reward the pains
Of human labor, and thy bounteous love
Repays the toil. Thou hast forbade their sloth,
But dost the cares of industry approve.
The fields stand thick with corn ; they wave
their heads,
And white for harvest wait the season's course.
By scythe, or sickle, lo ! they fall ; like ranks
By cannon routed, and resistless force.
The field is spoil'd : and scarce a glean remains
Amid the stubble : now the barn is stor'd,
The sheaves enlarge the stack, it swells, it
mounts ;

Joy

Joy in each face, and pastime in each word.
O ! that with equal zeal they sought that bread
Which feeds the soul, and fits it for that state,
Where neither want, nor thirst, nor hunger vex ;
But godliness is gain, rewards are great.
Such is a mortal man : a seed, a blade,
An ear, full corn, thro' spring, and summer
grows,

To fall in autumn, and in winter's grave
To lie, until the Lord new life bestows.
Who, when the harvest of this world is come,
Will sift his corn ; the light seeds fan away ;
Purge well his floor, burn up the chaff, but fill
With wheat his garner, fruits that ne'er decay.
Sow then in righteousness, and ye shall reap
Eternal fruits of life, and peace ; but he,
Thro' sin, who soweth in iniquity,
Shall, of the flesh, reap woe, and vanity.]

O N L I F E.

O life, thou stage, whereon we act,
And pass through many scenes,
Whereon the comic muse appears,
And oft the tragic strains,

What

What is thy care ? Can labour's toil
Supply your wish of ease ?

Are food, and raiment all you seek,
Canst be content with these ?

Or, is gay pleasure your delight ;
Or stately vanity ?

Where costly pride, delicious lust
Enflame with luxury ?

Examine well, if these suffice ;
Should thoughts like these controul ?

Are these fit qualities to grace,
And satisfy the soul ?

To nobler measures reason guides,
To knowledge points the way :
Bids us, through nature's glass, discern
The Lord's creative sway.

In virtue, truth, and piety
Bids us increase, and grow :
Improve in manners, good pursue,
And practise as we know.

Such is true wisdom's plan of life ;
The source of endless joy :
Which, if it gains that prize, does best
It's present time employ.

Then

Then mark the rules reason prescribes,
Or sacred scriptures give ;
And live, as you would hope to die,
To die, in hope to live.

O N D E A T H.

WHY start at death ? 'Tis not a rare event :
Yea, is it not a lot, a prize, or blank,
Sooner, or later all mankind must draw ?
Does not each day attest the prey, and shew
It's universal sway ? 'Tis an abyss,
Wherein all fall. Age ripe, mature, decay'd,
Drops down : nor can the young, wise, good,
or strong,
Escape the blow, or shun the fatal shaft.
The babe, the youth robust, the blooming
nymph,
The nervous hero, and the firm built man,
The rich, the pedant, statesman, emperors,
The ling'ring sickness, the consumptive waste,
The torrid fever, ague's quivering limbs,
With many causes unavoidable,
Witness on what a narrow brink each person
stands ;

While

While lurking death derides the vanity
Of eager hope, and labour, coveting
A shadow void, that vanisheth at touch,
And flies the hand that grasps, but cannot hold.
Each little accident trips up the heels,
And casts man down the precipice of death.
A general fate; yet good, or ill, as is
The inner spirit, and our view beyond;
Whether it launches to a sea of woe,
And wrecks our shatter'd bark; or safely wafts
To blessed regions, and a port of rest.
Fear not to lose what gain this world can lend;
Nor rush impatiently to quit your post,
Or trouble's galling yoke: the Lord of life
Forbids base suicide: 'tis his to give,
Or take away; 'tis our's to yield: all pain
Is nothing, weigh'd against eternal hope.

S E P T E M B E R.

ENDLESS the care of man: with sweat of brow
He stor'd the corn; and provident prepar'd
The bread for winter; but incessant toil
Allows no respite: quick the plow must dive
Into the bowels, and renew the earth.

Time

Time suffers no delay ; the seasons fly ;
The seed, well thresh'd, and sifted, must again
Be buried ; use the day, while it remains
So long, and dry, left contrary events
Impede : now catch the time, in furrow's tilth
To sow next summer's harvest's hope : plant,
prune,

Adapt the trees, and soil ; with skill connect
Beauty, and use ; and art to nature join.
The moral hence is, time's a slippery thing,
Swiftly glides on, passes insensibly ;
It wings away like bird, or butterfly ;
While few observe it's speed, and none can stop
It's airy flight, and quick velocity.

But mark it well by deeds ; let the effect
Be seen ; let wisdom seasonably act :
There's time for all things ; vice and negligence
Entail a curse : the loitering sluggard sleeps,
'Till poverty, raw cold, hunger, and shame,
Pierce as a hedge of thorns, and sting to rouze ;
While cautious prudence draws a blessing down.
Time's precious profitable talent use,
And it will fully recompence your care.
As summer's toil provides for winter's wealth,
So early virtue treasures bliss for death.

ON THE NATURE OF GOD.

CANST thou by searching find out God ?

His full perfections trace ?

Canst thou define his moral name,

Or each essential grace ?

With humble voice, and modest mind,

I scarce presume to speak :

Yet some ideas he impress'd,

Nor shall we vainly seek.

He must be great, who all things made ;

As that bright sky above :

His glory, wisdom, strength, and pow'r,

The earth, and deep sea prove.

Created works decay, or change ;

His essence, firm, and sure,

Was, is, will be, self-infinite,

For ever must endure.

Author of sight, he must see all :

Who made the ear, he hears :

Who gave the breath of life, he lives.

He saves, whose nurture rears.

He

He must do good, cannot do ill,
As love, or justice sways ;
He cannot tempt, or err, but truth
Abounds in all his ways.

His word is light infallible ;
His doctrine ne'er deceives ;
Our reason fears his threats ; our faith
His promises receives.

No wonder, that so high a God
Mysterious be to man :
The mind that's limited cannot
Divine perfection scan.

But what we gather may suffice,
To guide our souls in peace :
And as his revelation shines,
Our knowledge will increase.

This, more than reason could conceive,
Mysterious truths displays ;
Gives new ideas, quickens faith,
Hope, gratitude, and praise.

THE BLESSED OLD MAN.

Psalms xxxvii. 38. *Keep Innocency, and take
beed unto the Thing that is right, for that shall
bring a Man Peace at the last.*

AS seeds to foils their vigour owe,
So kind parental love
Rear'd up my infant frame, and mind,
And taught the child to move.

At early dawn my reason learn'd
The principles of right :
And by his works discern'd the God,
Who rules them all with might.

With love, and fear, I bow'd in pray'r ;
Religion won my heart ;
I grew in knowledge, faith, and hope,
Nor would from truth depart.

Amid temptations firm I stood,
Resisting snares of sin :
My righteous actions shew'd my zeal,
And principles within.

When

When vex'd, I murmur'd not at heav'n ;
Submissive to it's will :
Shall sinners reap, I said, such good,
And bear no share of ill ?

With diligence I strove to live
In honest fair repute ;
Inclin'd to friendship, pity, peace,
Avoiding rash dispute.

Content I coveted no gain,
Nor spoil'd by food my health ;
What labour gain'd I well enjoy'd,
Nor envied miser's wealth.

Thus temper'd, I am now grown old,
Nor ask, or wish relief ;
My life reproaches not my mind,
Nor death alarms with grief.

I've run my course ; I go to Christ ;
His law was my delight :
I lie me down to rest, to rise,
I trust, an heir of light.

O N C L E A N N E S S.

BY sweat of brow our maintenance we gain,
Or by some daily work ourselves sustain.
To toil, whate'er our office, is our lot;
The bread does relish best by labour got.
Whate'er our portion in this worldly scene,
One object is, to keep our person clean;
To do what's honest, needful, just, and right,
Is each man's duty, should be his delight.
'Tis not a servile act defiles within,
The negroe's heart is white, tho' black his skin;
The knave, whose guilt is veil'd by outward
show,
May be like jet, tho' seeming white as snow.
The collier, on the sabbath, may appear
With upright spirit, godliness sincere; :
As hypocrites may carry a good face,
Tho' craft may stain the soul with foul disgrace.
Or, as a tomb with fair inscription over,
May not the rotten bones within discover.
The sot, in filthy rags, the wanton flirt,
Nauseously fine, indelicate by dirt,
The slut, like sows that wallow in the mire,
The sluggard, loath fit raiment to acquire,

Propense to vice, forsake fair virtue's way,
To sloth abandon'd, fall a nauseous prey ;
Ruin their health, content, peace, comfort,
fame ;
And living filthy, die in filthy shame.
But view that hut, tho' thatch'd, 'tis neat, and
dry ;
The room is small ; but care, and thought
supply,
By the man's labor, and a frugal wife,
The many needs to furnish humble life.
Would ye be clean in God's all searching eyes,
Be as ye seem, put off all vain disguise ;
Ever with decent purity of dress
Preserve God's temple in due comeliness.
An evil heart defiles the man ; but still,
The outside cup should be kept clean from ill.
A spotless mind, and hand, do certify
A sign of piety, and purity.
Then in your proper station mark them both,
Labour for each, nor yield to sordid sloth ;
For so the simple cot, and food are neat,
And calm contentment yields a plenteous treat.

O C T O B E R.

POMONA, whose delicious gifts
Have oft regal'd the taste, to feed
On cooling fruits, advises now
To gather some for winter's need.

The lab'ring orchard bends its boughs,
Mature, o'ercharg'd with various fruit
Of many hues, of many kinds,
The many appetites to suit.

The codling, eager to be pluck'd,
Offers first it's juicy skin ;
The nonsuch, next, a different sort,
Yet sister-like, or near of kin.

Golden, Holland, lemon pippins,
Quince, nonpareil, and russet brown,
With many more, for cyder fit,
For taste, or keeping, of renown.

Nor let ingratitude omit
Rich pears, or grapes a clust'ring crop,
Nor yet, amidst autumnal gifts,
Potatoes low, or climbing hop.

Such

Such treasures God's parental love,
In absent sun, supplies ;
That, tho' cold winter terrifies,
His bounty may suffice.

The trees their leafy tresses lose,
The rain, and winds may roar ;
But God is Lord in heav'n and earth,
And rules from shore to shore.

Then praise his rich benevolence,
So liberally seen ;
Whose wisdom fram'd, whose pow'r upholds
The marvellous machine.

Each nation, season, place, or year,
Obeys his mighty will ;
His providence is kind, and they
Who do, need fear no ill.

O N G A I E T Y.

W H E N youth, and health invigorate,
And cheerfulness inspire,
When sprightly mirth with transport glows,
And kindles warm desire,

E

(Ere

(Ere care and pain have lopp'd the wings
 Of pleasure's airy flight,
Or sober prudence rules instill'd
 Of temperance, and right,)

Then danger lurks, tho' veil'd by smiles ;
 Temptation's frauds entice :
Ill courses turn the stream of life,
 Bad habits fashion vice.

Unhappy child ! in plenty's cup
 Who sipp'd sweet luxury ;
Indulg'd in taste, to pleasures loose,
 To will, and passions free.

Alas ! you waste that precious time ;
 To schools of wisdom due ;
And, by abuse of fortune's gifts,
 The paths of woe pursue.

Laughter from guilt in madness ends ;
 Fools make a mock at sin ;
He, that expects to finish well,
 Must well his course begin.

Better in humble poverty,
 To learn the rules of truth ;
And by strict discipline correct
 The dangerous faults of youth ;

To

To gain the principles, that teach
God's universal law ;
How to act well in every state,
By sound religion's awe.

How oft hath gaiety beguil'd
Fair innocence by lies !
And led, as lamb in garlands deck'd,
The Maid to sacrifice.

Then fly the gay, licentious tribe,
Whom vanity destroys :
All vice is ruin ; virtue leads
Thro' peace to heavenly joys.

O N C O U N S E L.

HOW good, and yet how difficult to give !
How slowly follow'd, and how soon forgot !
Needing the nicest tongue to minister,
Seldom repay'd with decent gratitude.
Without thy help what can a feeble mind,
Or infant strength perform ? Unable yet
To judge what's right, or why. Requiring
still
An abler skill to pilot the small skiff.

When passions kindle, and affections burn,
Then is the season to appease their wrath ;
To train them mildly, mollify their heat,
And lead them to act right on virtue's stage.
Vain self-conceit ruins too oft the young ;
Who soon disdain advice, and shun reproof ;
Think they know best, mock at the sober
rules ;

Till sad experience proves their foolishness.
Nor yet can age proceed without this friend ;
Finding it's knowledge small, much more re-
quires :

Gaining a sense to see its own defects,
Collects, and stores some sweets from every
hive.

But in old age, when strength and memory
Enfeebled shrink, and on some staff would
lean ;

We then advice, and consolation claim,
To prop our knees, and regulate our end.
Thus providence, with kind alternate care,
Frames the whole chain dependent on each
link ;

From first to last we need it, give, or take ;
For mutual Counsel is the source of peace.

With caution use it, gently drop the oil
To sooth the wound, lest pain the ulcer fret,
A tender skill must probe: then cooly choose
Fit time, and temper, to instil the balm.
O fools, shut not a deaf ear to the voice
Of friendship's admonition, nor reject
The salutary medicine: the rash,
Who will not taste this cup, drink flattery's
bane.

But chiefly hearken to that word of truth
Which warns of danger, turns to prudent
thought,

Instils discretion, guides you in the way
Of wisdom, righteousness, eternal life.
Mark well the precepts, promises, and threats;
And keep that law, the only mean of health:
Store it in heart, remembering this truth,
This wond'rous Counsellor is C H R I S T the
L O R D.

ON F R I E N D S H I P.

EACH state, and stage of human life denotes
Friendship, the choicest blessing men enjoy:
Born to assist, to need, confer, receive,
Our time we best by benefits employ.

To general good inclin'd, pure virtue seeks
To serve distress, and gladden ev'ry heart:
But feels peculiar partial sentiments,
When just esteem congenial minds impart.

No wonder brethren feel an unity,
But closer cement friendship does instil;
Nature implants affection; spirits feel
A stricter tie from parity of will.

Alternate worth begets a like regard;
They prize each other more, the more they
know;
Their hearts, like streams, that rise from dif-
ferent springs,
Connected once, inseparably flow.

Thus Jonathan, and David liv'd, to prove
Firm friendship in true goodness must begin:
No envious pride could taint his princely soul,
Nor yet ambition tempt this youth to sin.

Friends try to copy what they much admire:
And with each moral grace adorn their minds;
With these in social love communicate,
For he, who gets a friend, a treasure finds.

Receive

Receive the counsel honesty prescribes ;
But shun the guile, that tempts your frailty ;
The best of friends advise, to guard from harm ;
The worst of foes assume hypocrisy.

Friendship unfeign'd's a jewel of great price ;
But ah ! I fear too rarely is sincere :
What's life without this pearl, this social bliss ?
How sad the loss ! The gain how very dear !

Scoffers may mock, fools violate this bond ;
Let then your conscience be your faithful
friend ;
If that supports you, you will surely find
A constant comfort, lasting to the end.

Act well, the world may storm, not raze your
fort ;
For Christ will number you among his
friends ;
Who calls his faithful servants by that name :
H E N E ' E R C A N F A I L, W H O O N H I S G O D
D E P E N D S.

O N SICKNESS.

THE wise Creator of the world
What's fit for mortals knows :
And in sweet pleasure's cup has mix'd
The bitterness of woes.

In health we struggle against care ;
Enjoy each transient day ;
But droop in sickness, as a bird,
That moulting, pines away.

No age, no vigor, can escape
The sharp, but unseen dart ;
We stand expos'd, and feel it's wounds
In ev'ry tender part.

The blooming sprightliness of youth,
Like morn, by clouds o'ercast,
With'ring, as if decay'd by time,
Is blighted by it's blast.

Sickness by constant threats alarms,
Nor female softness spares ;
The watchful parent, tim'rous friend,
Tremble with anxious cares.

Pity

Pity beholds the patient's bed ;
Devotion prays for health :
Friendship, or skill, may not succeed,
Nor e'en prevailing wealth.

Be sure such evil is for good ;
Affliction must be fit ;
Fools will repine at nature's lot,
The prudent tongues submit.

Our fickle temper cannot bear,
Too long, indulgent love :
But sickness weans us from this world,
To raise our hearts above.

It brings our patient faith to test,
Corrects our evil ways ;
Bids us condemn all present ills,
And seek for heav'nly praise.

Within our flesh corrupt, the seeds
Of sore diseases lie ;
We know not when they shoot, nor when
The doom condemns to die.

But this we know, that sickness wakes
Reflection, on it's bed ;
And thought, examining the heart,
Reforms the careless head.

NOVEMBER.

DARK and dismal, short and show'ry,
 Lo! winter now, in sable clad ;
 Heavy with sympathetic gloom,
 O'ercasts the mind forlorn, and sad.

Scarcely the sun with faintest gleams
 Bestows a comfortable ray ;
 Bidding farewell, as it retires ;
 With clouds almost eclipsing day.

Yet let not envy grieve, when He
 Transfers his beams to foreign climes ;
 For providence, Father of all,
 Visits each part at his own times.

The change is good, as ice, or snow,
 Experimentally is best ;
 For winter, like as night to day,
 Restores to nature placid rest.

Meanwhile let industry apply,
 Nor sloth inactive pine ; intent
 On something, whose small profit may
 Suffice to give the mind content.

A wil-

A willing man contrives some means,
With honesty his bread to win,
The housewife suits her homely task,
To sow, to knit, to weave, or spin.

He bears harsh storms : with female arts,
Domestic cleanliness, and care,
She cherishes content, and smiles
To cheer his toil with wholesome fare.

The ant enjoys the summer's store ;
But where's man's prudent care ?
Whose keen precaution should provide,
For days of want prepare.

Be careful first ; then trust in God,
Whose streams of love abound ;
Spring from his goodness, daily flow,
And change the course, to bless around.

ON TEMPTATION.

EXPOS'D to many luring wiles,
The world's enticing snare,
Our fame, and reputation stand,
And bid us all BEWARE.

Virtue by trial is approv'd,
As gold when tried is best :
Temptations prove the real worth,
And bring the truth to test.

Ambition, passion, pleasure, taste
Exert their influence ;
And try to captivate the heart,
And steal it's innocence ;

So soft succeſs, like ſouthern breeze,
Enfeebleſ all our nerves ;
Indulgence makes us faint, our ſenſe
Of right no longer ſerves.

Distress, diſease, and poverty,
Like waves that lash the tide,
Oft baffle our integrity,
And warp it's course aside.

As when the northern tempeſts blow,
The dreaded ſtorm we flee,
And, to eſcape the rage, we plunge
In deeper miſery.

But where's the ſenſe that ſhould avoid
The nets, which fools involve ;
Or, where the faith, that ſhould ſupport
The mind with firm reſolve ?

We

We know the way of right, and life;

We see the circling wiles;

How each event our vigor shakes,

Our constancy beguiles.

Then let us stand upon our guard,

And mark our guilty foes;

The more we yield, the more they tempt,

And craftily impose.

Resist the devil, he will flee;

But sinners he will snare:

The Lord no burthen will allow,

Greater than you can bear.

In this probationary state,

Let duty be your care;

But if ye doubt your strength, apply

For grace, thro' Christ, by pray'r.

O N C A R E L E S S N E S S.

THE Lord our God hath stor'd our mind

With reason, thought, and care;

That we may straight direct our ways,

For future life prepare.

The mind, for contemplation form'd,
Hath objects great in view ;
To seek the glory of our God,
And his commands pursue.

Strangers we are to that great scene
Of everlasting bliss ;
Which all our strict attention claims,
Tho' we are so remiss.

In pleasure's trifles we consume,
That precious talent, time ;
And, prone to passion, heedlessly
Omit that aim sublime ;

Which on the wing of faith should soar,
Aloft to sing his praise,
And render thanks to him whose law
His utmost love displays.

Care, chance may fail ; but carelessness
To worldly ruin tends ;
And more in spiritual concerns,
In sad destruction ends.

Can we be senseless of his gifts ?
Can we neglect his law ?
Whose promises excite our hope,
Whose threats of vengeance awe ?

Shall

Shall we such gracious terms reject,
And barter our birth-right,
For vanities, that tempt to vice,
And perish in our sight ?

In serious meditation lies
True wisdom's excellence ;
And sober prudence shews it's sense
In strict obedience :

Whate'er we do, where'er we go,
We see him wond'rous great ;
And should, with diligence, and praise,
His miracles relate.

Then let us not abuse the gift,
That should distinguish man !
But with our utmost strength do all
The little, that we can.

God will not our endeavours slight,
For us his goodness cares ;
He wills to save, he bids us ask,
That he may grant our pray'rs.

ON CHRIST'S ADVENT.

THE time's fulfill'd ; the seventy weeks
Are finish'd ; the vision's seal'd.
The true Messiah, Son of God,
Repairer of the breach of sin,
Restorer to salvation,
Jacob's star, our righteousness,
The prophet, whom all should obey,
The substance of the ritual law,
The world's desire, th' expected Lord,
The new lawgiver, word of grace,
Is come : Let all the world rejoice.

Where then is he ? What majesty
Emblazons round, what glory shines,
To signify his character,
And to distinguish such renown ?

Angels guide your faith to Judah,
There behold an infant lie :
Human birth, eternal essence
Here combine to form the Christ.
Of lowly form, of might to save,
He came to rescue fallen man ;

To

To bruise the serpent, vanquish death,
Redeem from sin, restore to life.
Mark his service, fit for sinners ;
Free from guilt, the law compleating ;
Shedding blood, by death atoning.
Prince of peace, he came to offer
Mediation, and remission ;
All his doctrines, precepts, manners,
Instruct the soul in righteousness ;
To make religion's rules, the means
Of wisdom, pleasure, hope, and joy.
If gifts, like these, Christ's advent brings,
Let all his church due rites perform :
Use them well, advance in virtue,
In faith, in holiness, and truth ;
Prepare against that solemn day,
When he shall come to judge the earth,
When all the world shall rise to meet,
And angels join to PRAISE the CHRIST.

D E C E M B E R.

ALL things draw to an end : mortality
Lays wait to seize its prey : if not early
Smitten, they soon decay with natural
Corruption ; drop as fruit when ripe ; the stem

Cannot

Cannot retain it, when or blight, or blast
Hath rot the core, or wound has bruis'd it;
Or, at maturity, disjointed falls.

Such is man's state: so weak his nature is:
Feeble by birth, to casual ills expos'd,
Wounded by sore disease, impairing health,
Harras'd by grief, wasted by pining pain,
He falls by accident: for in the midst,
Or prime of life is death; wisdom, virtue,
Prudence, sobriety, or all the means
Of medicine, prescrib'd for health, and
strength,

Baffled by lot unseen, or sudden stroke,
Have not been able to ward off the blow;
But sunk beneath it to untimely death.

The youth, the parent's joy, the friend's
esteem,

Cut off, as ears of corn, languishes, dies.
Nor think, whate'er thy age, thy life secure;
This night may summon thee: to-morrow's
dawn

Rise on thy corpse; thy soul requir'd must go.
Then think, but murmur not; behold around
All nature is corruptible: the rocks
Moulder to dust, the vegetable world
Springs, flourishes, ripens, withers, decays;

Lo!

Lo! the day yields to night, the passing year
By one Lord guided, rises, changes, falls.
View then thy frailty: remember life
Is short, and fickle: therefore troubles bear;
Repine not, tho' the frigid ice congeals,
Tho' clouds burst rain, tho' tempests roar,
And heavy gloom of darkness shades the soul:
But think on god; reflect on providence;
Be dutiful to him, all will be well.
True piety embalms the soul for life;
And virtue fits it for eternal bliss.
The closing year resembles death: we live
To die: we die in faith, we sink to rise.
A good beginning promises good end;
A course of conduct regular, and right,
Will surely terminate in happiness.

ON HONESTY.

WHO would select a precious friend,
To share his love and heart,
From whom he might expect just truth,
To whom his mind impart;

Let

Let him not covet hoards of gold,
Too often gain'd by shame ;
Nor think to win her by base lust,
In painted beauty's frame :

But let him search to find the maid,
That, with simplicity,
Is free free from guile, to virtue train'd,
Whose name is HONESTY.

Her father's name is Labour call'd,
Her mother's Industry ;
Her brother's Temp'rance, and Content,
Her sister Chastity.

The principles of righteousness
Her parents did instil ;
And by example bid her work,
To keep from shame, and ill.

Oft have I seen her climb yon mount,
At earliest break of day ;
Bright as the rising sun, and as
Intent to speed her way.

Tho' fair, not pale, by exercise
Her blooming cheeks do glow ;
Blush not with shame, for in her heart
No seeds of treachery grow.

Whate'er

Whate'er her task, she perseveres,
Knowing what's just is right ;
When duty calls, she flies in haste,
And acts with all her might.

With open looks, and cautious speech,
Her manners are sincere :
She shuns temptations, scorns a bribe,
To virtue will adhere.

From stealth, or picking, distant keeps,
Works for her due and gain ;
Enjoys her own, nor covets more
Than she can well obtain.

Averse to fraud, no thoughts upbraid
Her mind, no fear of law :
Her conscience is her friend, she lives
In true religious awe.

Where'er such sentiments prevail,
They must obtain respect :
And while they grace this life, the soul
To heav'nly bliss direct.

SUNDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

O LORD, when we reflect on thee,
And thy perfections view,
Shadow'd in thy creative pow'r ;
How great's the tribute due !

What grateful breast can fail to own
Thy goodness infinite ;
Thy mercy far beyond all bounds,
Thy glory ever bright ?

By thee upheld we stem the waves
Of youth's impetuous tide ;
And ev'ry season passing by
Is by thy love supply'd.

All we possess, all we expect,
Are blessings of thy love ;
Whether we here enjoy thy gifts,
Or greater wait above.

How can this season, signaliz'd
By marks of grace supreme,
Unheeded be, which stands confess'd,
Of praise the utmost theme ?

Which

Which rescues man from sin, and death,
To heav'n restores him heir ;
Bids him his Saviour's advent own,
And for his birth prepare.

Bids him in holiness and faith
This jubilee employ ;
As prophets shew'd, and angels sang.
The tidings of great joy.

Reflect, what ruin sin had wrought,
What misery entail'd :
And know, to rescue man's lost soul,
All human powers fail'd.

Then God incarnate came to save,
And rescue from despair ;
Thro' Christ adopted sons regain
God's love, his kingdom share.

Let gratitude exalt it's praise,
Extend aloft it's voice ;
That distant lands may hear the sound,
And may, with us, rejoice.

O N C H R I S T M A S - D A Y .

TO vanquish sin, abolish death,
Demanded greater price,
Than man could pay from age to age ;
So dread the curse on vice.

Who then could work his liberty ?
What saith the sacred word ?
Of whom did all the prophets speak,
To be a mighty Lord ?

Who is this Prince that shall restore
Salvation to the earth ?
What signs proclaim his royalty ?
What miracles his birth ?

Search then the volume, and you'll read
Of an Immanuel ;
Able to do all righteousness,
And the whole law fulfill.

The æra came ; truth was compleat ;
No tittle can deceive ;
All nature yields to God's decree,
Our law is to believe.

Thus

Thus did the Jews, by error mov'd,
In expectation look ;
And eastern sages search'd, and found
His birth-place by that book.

Angels announc'd him, heav'n rejoic'd ;
But proud ambition saw
No state resembling majesty,
To foreign lands an awe :

Humble, as sin makes man, a babe
He lay : his fame but envy mov'd ;
His actions malice, truth, revenge ;
Hated by those he lov'd.

But let not us, who learn the truth,
And know his will to save,
How much he bore, how well aton'd,
To free us from the grave,

Be cold in faith, in duty flow,
Remiss in thanks, and praise ;
But with the angels join to him
Our lips, and hearts to raise :

Be glory to the Lord, our God ;
Whose blood sheds peace on earth ;
And while we live, may we each year
Commemorate his birth.

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